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in

the

Afterglow

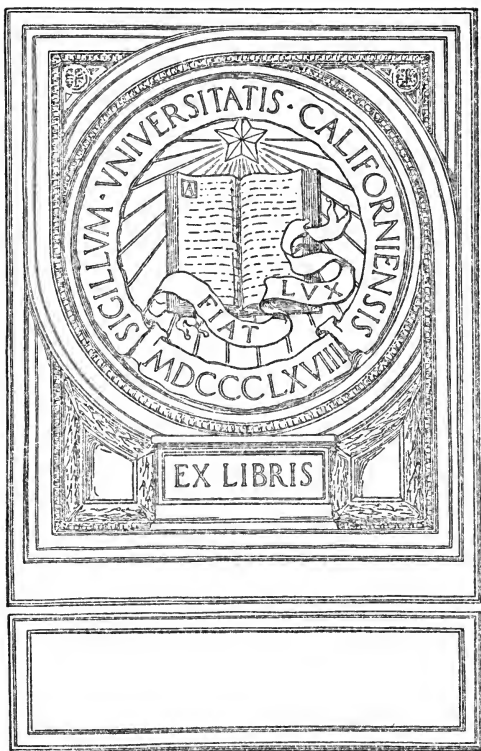
POEMS

Mary Colwe Dickinson

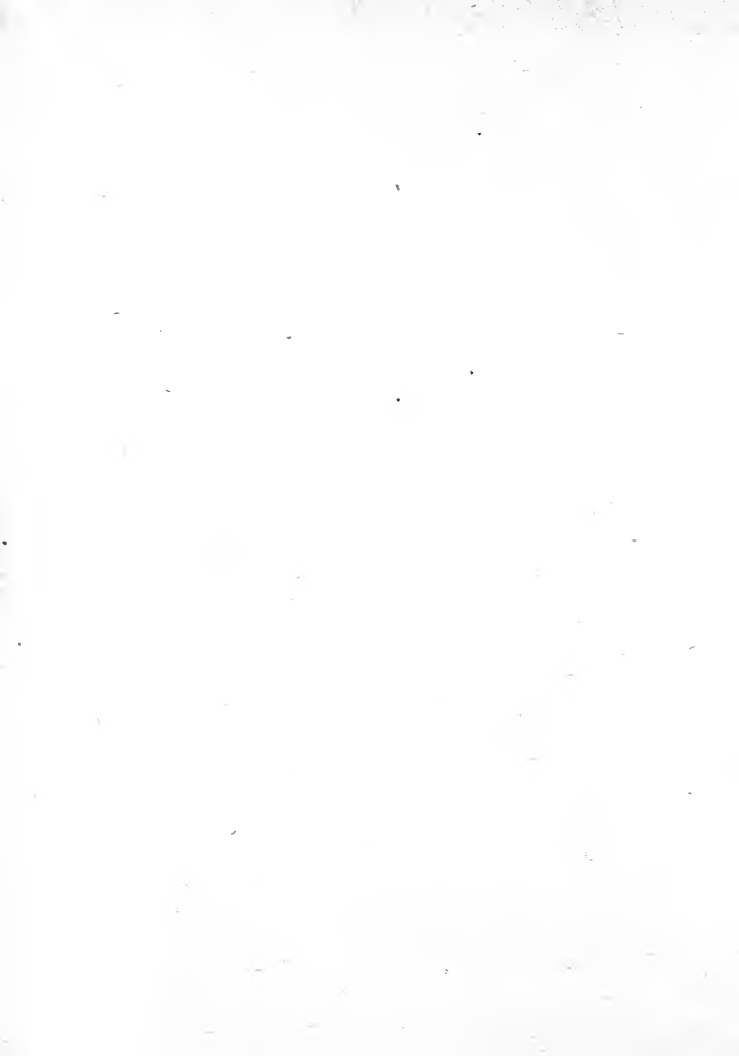
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In the Afterglow

POEMS

BY

Mary Loue Dickinson

Tolson, D. c1905

THE
COLLECTION
OF
THE
POEMS
OF
MARY LOUE DICKINSON

953
D5535
in

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By MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

NO. 1000
ALBANY, N. Y.

PS 1542.D3.I5.1905.MAIN

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-time's love in an hour
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher
To be and to do. [power,

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

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THE GUIDING STAR.

What shall we do for the blinded eyes
 Straining their gaze afar,
Seeing no promise of dawn arise,
 Searching in vain for the star?

Dear God, so far in the lifted heavens,
 So low in the dust they lie
To whom no glimpse of the day is given,
 No star in their midnight sky.

The burdened, and weary, the sick and faint,
 Who moan out their despair
Till the still air pulses with their complaint,
 And the pang of unheeded prayer.

Sweet choir of God, at the Christmas tide
 Sing out your song again.
Is the Christ-child born? Has He come to abide?
 Does it mean "good will to men"?

Shine out, O star! on their darkened way
 Whose eyes with tears are dim;
The Christ-child liveth somewhere, today,
 Make clear the road to Him.

CHRISTMAS.

On the winds that moaning sigh
Angel songs are drifting by,
Heavenly voices fill the sky;
From the radiant heaven afar,
Through the midnight's silver bar,
Steals away one wandering star;
Floats and lingers where He lies,
Child of holiest mysteries,
'Neath the bending Bethlehem skies.
Swift, what eager questions start!
In His coming, what my part?
Can I hold Him in my heart?
Can my inn, so rude and wild,
Make Him room, the undefiled,
Find its Master in this Child?

Troubled souls, where'er ye be,
Who this sacred morning see,
Christ is come for thee, for thee.
Thine the song the angels sing,
And no sceptred Eastern king
Hath such gifts as thou may'st bring.
To thy living love intense,
To thy suffering penitence,
What are gold and frankincense?
To thy burning thoughts that stir
Tenderly for those who err,
What the fragrance of the myrrh?

Patient under wrong or scorn,
Knows thy brow the touch of thorn?
Then in thee the Christ is born;
And yon star's triumphant shine
Is not clearer than thy sign.
Thou art His and He is thine!
Thine in hurts untold, in tears,
In labors manifold, in fears,
Thine for grand eternal years;
Thine for rod, and staff, and wine,
Till beneath His love divine,
There is no more thine or mine!
Life of self and sin o'erthrown,
All the Kingdom is His own,
And the Christ-child takes His throne.

THE MADONNA.

Does she see the world in her baby's eyes?
Presses the weight of its sin and care
On the trembling heart where His sweet head lies?
Does she know what He came to bear?
Can she cradle the Christ on her loving breast
And feel no sting of the scourge or thorn?
Did no sad note in the song of the blest
Haunt even the Christmas morn?

O Mother-heart, speak to the mother-world,
That fain thy sorrow or joy would share.
Shall we know, if we make of our arms a fold
To shelter His little ones, everywhere?
The heart that tenderly gathers the lost,
Guarding and guiding with love unpriced,
Asking no questions and counting no cost,
Is this the home for the dear child-Christ?

THE ANGELS' SONG.

There were three weary pilgrims led safely from
afar
To the cradle of the Christ-child, by Bethlehem's
guiding star,
There was a shepherds' vision of shining silvery
wings,
And a song to ring and echo until the whole world
sings:
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

There's a glimmer still in the darkness, a shining
athwart the gloom,
There's a whisper of God in human souls—"Make
for the Christ-child room."
'Tis the guiding star long shrouded in the ages'
sorrow and wrong,
And the echo of the chiming of the shining angels'
song,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

There's a message out of the star-land. The voices
that should ring
Are ours, that can echo the angels and herald
our Lord, the King.
With never a hush or a silence should the Christ-
mas melody rise,
Till hearts of the lowest and saddest uplift to the
Bethlehem skies:—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Till the sad world makes it ready, freed from its
 strife and sin,
Each heart a sacred temple for the Christ-child's
 entering in;
Till even the souls in prison are tuned to the angels'
 chord,
And the whole glad world is singing of the coming
 of the Lord,
 "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

(Written at Bethlehem, in the Chapel of the Manger, in the convent church said to be reared above the spot where Christ was born.)

In the fields where long ago
Dropping tears amid the leaves,
Ruth's young feet went to and fro,
Binding up the scattered sheaves;
In the fields that heard the voice
Of Judea's Shepherd King,
Still the gleaners may rejoice,
Still the reapers chant and sing.

"Peace on earth, good-will to men,"
Rang from heaven to earth afar,
While o'er every hill and glen
Broke the light of Bethlehem's star;
Wanderer from the radiant throng
Which the Eastern heavens gem,
Guided by the angels' song
To the Babe of Bethlehem.

Not in Judea's hills alone
Have earth's weary gleaners trod;
Not to heirs of Judea's throne,
Is it given to reign with God;
But, where'er on His green earth
Waiting, longing spirits are,
Heavenly hopes and life have birth,
'Neath the smile of Bethlehem's star.

By each lowly heart or home,
O'er each love-watched cradle bed,
Where we rest or where we roam,
Still its tender light is shed.
'Neath its beams the brightened heart,
Walking stainless, undefiled,
Keeps a secret place apart
For the Hebrew mother's child.

And that little temple there
May be holier ground than this,
Blessed by many a pilgrim's prayer,
Warmed by many a pilgrim's kiss;
In its shadow still and dim,
Where the purest blessings are,
Rings forever Bethlehem's hymn,
Shines forever Bethlehem's star.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Through the solemn midnight ringing,
Falls the sweet, triumphant singing
Of the choir of God.
Hear the message they are bringing,
Hear the answering song upspringing
From the echoing sod.

Blessed voice of God's own angels,
Echoing words of His evangel,
Hark! they fall again.
Balm for wounds and peace for anguish,
Rest for souls that toil and languish,
Peace,—good will to men.

From the sad earth's stricken places
Lift the tear-worn, furrowed faces,
Christ, the Lord, is born.
Born to bear our cross and sadness;
Born to change our gloom to gladness;
Bring our night to morn.

His the giving and forgiving,
Bitter dying—anguished living,
Cross and pain and smart.
His the bearing and forbearing,
Ours the blessing and the sharing
Of His gracious heart.

Soft the music grows, and tender;
Loving hearts, what can ye render
To the Christ, your King?
Praising voices fail and falter,
What that's worthy of His altar
Can His children bring?

THE UPWARD ROAD.

What will it matter if dark or bright
The days shall speed to the silent night,
If sky-fields glisten with starry bloom,
Or lie in the shadow of rayless gloom?

What will it matter if sun or rain
Gladden with pleasure or sadden with pain,
If only there comes with each circling hour
Newness of patience and grace and power?

What matter if days be brief or long,
Silent with sorrow or merry with song,
Strong in eloquent word or deed,
Service for others or sore self-need?

What does it matter if earnest prayer
Seems to be answered by pain or care,
If every step of the upward road
Is one pulse nearer the heart of God?

Naught can be gain to us, bringing His loss,
Nothing be beautiful, hiding His Cross,
Nothing be bitter, His smile makes sweet,
No pathway lonely that ends at His feet.

THE NEW YEAR.

I welcome thee with front full brave, and eyes
Whose lifted lids droop not, nor swerve, nor change,
Save to new depths of strange new courage born.

I welcome thee, not as a child who sees
Only the glamour of the promised joy
That makes each new day brighter than the last;
But e'en as one who knows thee—sees the hand
Half hidden in the raiment of the snow
That chills the world where'er thy garment trails.
It holds for me, O, silent Alchemist,
The power to touch my fading locks with frost,
To chill my smiles to furrows deep with care,
To breathe a blight upon my blossoming vines;
To ope again reluctant hands that cling
To hopes and faiths that mocked the vandal years,
And fought, resistant, for their right to be.

I fight no more; instead, I meet thy gaze,
And bid thee take, in passing, what thou wilt.
Thy lifted sceptre, nay, nor time, nor death
Can ever wrest one treasure from the soul,
Or rob it of one throb of pulsing life,
Or chill it with one touch of coward fears.
The Old Year goes—the soul nor shrinks nor
grieves;
The New Year comes—it calls both, blessed years.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

Just as softly as fades the light
After the sun is gone,
Just as sweetly as through the night
The steady stars shine on;
Just as gently as spring leaves come,
Or snow flakes whiten the sod,
Passed she out from an earthly home
Into the home of God.

Never the light of moon or sun
Shone on her face that day.
And only an angel artist's hand,
Could have left such light on clay.
Yet we know that angel hands had wrought
Each day, at the soul within;
With loving touches of prayer and thought
Hiding each trace of sin.

Sweeping the heavy shade of pain
Over the smile on her face,
And leaving the gleam of a Father's love,
And the light of the cross in its place.
And when the angel's work was done,
And He bade the artist cease,
There was left for our heart to dwell upon,
A beautiful picture of peace.

TEN YEARS IN HEAVEN.

Ten years in Heaven! If feeble human thought
Measure the time by counting griefs and fears,
By all the changes they for us have wrought,
By all the bitter lessons they have taught,
We murmur through our tears,—Ten weary,
weary years.

Ten years since from our home went out the light,
Ten years since from our nest went forth its dove,
Ten years of watching through the weary night,
Of waiting for the sound of pinions white,
That, folded up above, come not to bless our love.

More full of light and music than before,
Have been these summers in the heavenly land,
And love we e'er so much, we love no more
Than He, who in His own warm bosom bore,
Or led the little child by His right hand.

This dove that came not in the dreary night,
Will come again, when rain and cloud shall cease,
Shedding from its soft wings a blessed light,
And, folding on the breast its pinions white,
Shall bring to us the olive branch of peace.

QUESTIONINGS.

Why do the children leave us, O our Father,
The little children cradled on our breast?
Why do our doves fly upward in the morning
While other birdlings sleep within the nest?
Can it be true that music up in heaven
Is sweeter when their voices join the hymn;
Is richer light to realms of glory given
For that which, fading, left our homes so dim?

And can the angels, who all day are giving
Care to the lambs within the shepherd's fold,
Need, as a mother needs amid her grieving,
The little ones at night to clasp and hold?
When shall we see again the precious faces
That gave our homes such sunshine when they
smiled?

Oh, what shall fill the heart's sad vacant places,
Or hush the tones that plead, "Give back the child?"

Why must we listen vainly for the patter
Of little feet at morning on the stair?
And miss the merry sound of childish laughter,
Or gentler tones saying the evening prayer?
Why miss the tender kisses falling purely
From lips that said their good-night at our knees?
Oh, He who made the mother-heart hath surely
No chiding in His own for thoughts like these.

IN THE PRESENCE OF THE KING.

Under the cross of a mourner's pain
Laid on the soul when you went to God,
We have walked a year, while the sun and rain
Faded and freshened the grassy sod.
Time for the flowers once to blow,
Time enough for the leaves to fall,
Time enough for a winter's snow
To scatter its whiteness over all.
Time enough for the trembling feet,
Tired of the earth-way's dust and dew,
To ache for the tread of the golden street
And to weary in waiting to come to you.

Have you ever missed us, walking alone
By the beautiful shore of the jasper sea?
Have you kept the old place in your heart for your
own,
Wherever you linger—wherever we be?
In the harmonies that the holy sing
Have you heard the voices we've missed so long?
Have you seen the light which their glad eyes bring
Shining out from the heavenly throng?
Have you sat in the hush of some holy place
When heaven was flooded with God's own
calms,
And kissed, for its mother, the angel face
Of some little child that crept to your arms?
Are there any to comfort,—to cheer,—to bless?
Is this the work to the freed soul given?
Does earth's most beautiful tenderness
Find place in the blessed life of Heaven?

Ah, vainly we question,—our pleading is vain
For words that the stilled lips cannot say,
Yet we feel your touch on our sad heart's pain,
Your eyes smile a welcome,—and yet we stay,
And clasping our crosses we'll try to wait,
No matter how many the summers be,
For whether our coming be soon or late
We know they are years in Heaven for thee.
They can add no shadow of pain or care
To dim the sweetness the dear face wore,
No lines of white to the silvery hair,—
For all that is beautiful, entering there,
Is beautiful evermore.

And it may be the marks of our pain and sin,
The scars we bring from the field of strife,
Shall be washed away at our entering in
At the gate of the sorrowless life—
Clothed in the mantle that waits the forgiven,—
It may be, in coming to you
Who have waited for us through the years in heaven,
That we shall be beautiful, too.

FRUITION.

God brings no more the buried nights and days;
He turns not backward Time's fast running sands;
But gives bright visions of His gracious ways,
New founts of peace, new strains of joy and praise,—
The soul of all lost good is in our hands.
The soul of joy lies hidden in our grief,
The soul of courage in each past defeat;
The soul of love in our love incomplete;
The soul of faith e'en in our unbelief;
Smiles in our tears,—and in our bitter, sweet.

Though gone the gems of summer and of spring,
Though life seem fading with the withered grass,
Though earth forget its time of blossoming,
And happy birds flee far on silent wing,
Yet shall the time of change and shadow pass.
Thy weariness shall rest, thy faith grow strong,—
God's time of blessed fruitage is for thee.
Thy voice shall echo heaven's harvest song,
Thy soul, that battled sore with pain and wrong,
Shall share the triumph-psalms of victory.

COMFORT.

Watcher, waiting for a sign
From that doubting heart of thine,
Where but shadows darkling lay,
He will roll the stone away.
Christ shall rise in thee to reign,
And thy dead Lord live again.

And the life that throbs today,
In each tender word ye say,
Pulsing in each hope or prayer,
Is the sign that Christ is there.
On thy striving drops His calm;
On thine anguish falls His balm;
Let the heart its joy bells ring,
He, the risen Christ, is King.

By the throb of joy that swells
In the sound of Sabbath bells,
By the praises clear, that ring
In the songs our glad hearts sing;
By the touch of light and bloom
In the Lenten shade and gloom,—
Know we death has ceased to reign,
Know we Christ is risen again.

By the lilies white and sweet
Laid down at His sacred feet,
By the roses blushing red
For the thorns that pierced His head;
By the sea of love and prayer
Pulsing round us everywhere,
By the peace that conquers pain,—
Know we Jesus lives again.

Lives for us, for whom He died;
Closely to His wounded side
Draws us in our sorest grief,
Charms us from our unbelief;
Lives, our daily load to bear,
Lives, His joy with us to share;
Closest, in our bitterest need,—
Truly Christ is risen indeed.

ALIVE.

Alive! Yes, after the midnight
Of anguish and bloody sweat,
After the kiss of betrayal
On cheeks with the night-dews wet,
After the judgment chamber,
Reed-scepter and crown of thorn
And scourge,—and the sorer smiting
Of curse, and denial and scorn.

Alive! Yes, after the spear-wound,
The thirst, and the gall and myrrh,
After the grave whose portal
God's angel alone could stir;
After the sun shrank—shrouded—
And the pale stars hid in shame;
Alive, and the whole world ringing
With the glory of His name!

Alive! And He cometh to meet us,
Over our troubled sea;
Alive! And he goeth before us,
Into our Galilee.
Alive, that our sorrow and sighing,
Our sin, and weakness and loss
May die with the pangs of His dying,
May share in the grace of His cross.

For this at the Easter dawning,
Ring out, O jubilant bells;
The whole world's song of morning
In music ebbs and swells.
From humblest souls and greatest
Glad Easter praises rise,
Earth's sad eyes gazing Godward
Have seen the Christ arise.

EASTER BELLS.

Oh, ring and swing, sweet Easter bells, in all your
towers high!
Outpour your music to the earth, uplift it to the sky;
Send out its sound, the wide world round, till near
or far away,
The answering echoes sweet resound, "The Lord is
risen to-day!"

Break forth again in singing, all ye little hills of
God!
The pulsing of your music thrills the flowers beneath
the sod;
Upspringing into verdant life, they rise from earth's
dark prison:
How could they sleep in silence deep—when Christ,
the Lord, is risen?

O, human hearts that ache and break while men and
angels sing—
God's earth is singing for your sake—for you the joy
bells ring:
By your sealed heart God's angel waits; the portal
of your pain
Swings wide at holy finger touch. The dead Christ
lives again.

Lives—that eternal light may glow upon the shad-
owed tomb;
Lives—that God's love may overflow our wastes of
sin and gloom;
Lives—that His life through human love may find
its best employ;
Lives—that our souls may share with His eternal
Easter joy.

EASTER LILIES,

Not as we bring our garlands to a tomb,
To breathe heart-fragrance o'er a dear one's rest,
Bring we this wreath of sweetness and of bloom
To crown this day, of all our days the best.

But as if love and gratitude and prayer,
Lying in grave-dark that enwrapped His face,
Had seen His smile break forth with wondrous
 grace,
And sudden blossomed into beauty there.

As if along the way that felt His tread
Life burst from death and flowers from the sod;
So new love springs to meet the heart of God,
In joyful praise that Christ no more is dead.

THINE EASTER DAY.

Within thy heart is there an opened tomb?
Have God's strong angels rolled the stone away?
Rises thy dead self from its bonds of clay?
Breaks Heaven's sweet light across the dark and
gloom?
Then is this day in truth thine Easter day!

If broken down are stony gates of pride,
If shrouding bands of earth are torn away,
If sin and wrath and scorn in thee have died,
Mourn not the past; the folded shroud beside
Angels will watch. It is thine Easter day.

Rise, new-born soul, and put thine armor on;
Clasp round thy breast the garment of the light;
Gird up thy loins for battle. In the fight
He leads who upward from our sight is gone;
It is His day; there's no more death nor night,

No dark, no hurt, no more sharp shame nor loss;
All buried, hidden 'neath the grave's dark sod;
All ways forgotten, save the road He trod;
All burdens naught in sight of His—the cross;
All joy, alive and safe with Christ in God!

EASTER PRAISES.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are
fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea-wave, breaking in
praise at His feet,
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus is risen
again:
But we watch for the signs of His living in the life
of the children of men.

Wherever a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound or
a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'er-
master a foe,
Wherever a soft hand of blessing outreaches to suc-
cor a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master
is risen indeed!

Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage
and might,
Bursts forth from the wrongs which have shrouded
its hope in the gloom of the night,
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the armies of
evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is
risen indeed!

So fling out your banners, brave toilers; bring lilies
to altar and shrine.
Ring out Easter bells, He is risen, for thee is the
token and sign;
There's a world moving sunward and Godward, ye
are called to the front, ye must lead!
Behind are the grave and the darkness. The Master
is risen indeed!

ALIVE IN HIM.

"Life for us is in His dying!"
So our humbled souls keep crying;
While the Lenten tears fall faster
At the grave that shrouds the Master,
Till within that gloomy garden
Shines His presence and His pardon—
Glimpse of Easter glory giving—
Then, "our life is in His living!"

While He, patient, waits the voicing
Of our triumph and rejoicing.
Filled with our own hearts' devices
Still we bring our burial spices.
Yet the love whose taking hallows
Our poor gifts of myrrh and aloes,
Rainbows e'en our tears, and raises
Broken, trembling prayers to praises.

Watcher where the grave-glooms darken
Lift thy shadowed soul, and harken!
Hear the strong, triumphant singing
Of the risen in Christ, loud ringing
In glad anthems from the portals
Of the home of the Immortals!
"Sealed no longer death's dark prison—
Christ, the Conquerer, is risen!"

Tarry not to place thy finger
In the wounds where nail-prints linger;
Leave the linen cloths that bound Him;
Sing, with Mary, "I have found Him!"
Be thy mighty love the token
That for thee His heart was broken.
Whom the living Christ has shriven
Knows e'en here the peace of heaven.

Death in Christ is dawning gladness;
Life in Christ is robbed of sadness;
Faith in Christ that will not falter
Crowns with Easter bloom His altar,
Decks His shrine in sweetness vernal,
Lives with Christ the life eternal,
Tells, in song and chime and story,
All a risen Saviour's glory.

AFTER EASTER.

The Easter praises may falter
And die with the Easter Day,
The blossoms that brightened the altar
In sweetness may fade away;
But, after the silence and fading
Lingers, untold and unpriced,
Above all changing and shading,
The love of the living Christ.

For the living Christ is loving,
And the loving Christ is alive!
His life hidden in us is moving
Us ever to pray and to strive.
Alas! that e'en in our striving
We labor like spirits in prison,
Forgetting that Jesus is living.
Forgetting the Saviour has risen!

We join in the Easter rejoicing,
And echo each gladdening strain,
While a pitiful minor is voicing
Our own secret doubting or pain.
We weave Him a shroud of our sadness,
We cover His smile with our gloom,
Nor welcome the angel of gladness
That waits at the door of the tomb.

We know not our own hearts have hidden
Our Christ in a grave of our own;
We know not our own hands are bidden
To roll from the threshold the stone.
While our tearful eyes, drooping and weary,
With watching in sorrow and fear,
Might see, with the heart-broken Mary,
That the Lord is alive — and is near.

THE EASTER MORN.

As she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.—John xx; 11, 12.

By thy Lenten Sorrow led,
Wouldst thou weep beside the dead,
Silent on His rock-hewn bed?
Stealing, sobbing, through the gloom
Would thy penitence find room,
Sack-cloth-clad, within His tomb?

Hush, thy broken spirit's moan
Cannot pierce the gate of stone,
Entering where He lies, alone;
Nor the clamor of thy cries
Once uplift the sealed eyes,—
Cause the stricken form to rise.

Hush, draw nearer;—while ye pray,
Through the night-gloom breaks the day;—
Lo, the stone is rolled away!
Bend and look! Beside the bed
Where He lay, the royal Dead,
Watching angels wait instead.
Hark! upon the listening ear,
Falls a voice serene and clear:
"He is risen," "He is not here."
Is not here! then where, O where?
If we find Him not, despair
Is the answer to our prayer.

Nay; not so; the soul in pain
Ne'er need miss His face again;—
Jesus lives, and lives to reign.
As beneath the Olive bough,
With the glory on His brow
Mary saw,—we see Him now.
As of old to Emmaus
With His dear ones,—even thus,
He will walk and talk with us.
To our upper chambers still
Where we meet to wait His will,
He will come, our hearts to fill.
Living in each secret care,
Living in each joy or prayer,
All around us everywhere,
Jesus lives again.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

The fire burns low, the shadows gleam and fade
And darkness lingers where the sunset played;
A hand of silence on my lips is laid—
I cannot find the light.

One eager longing fills my clouded breast;
I wait the coming of a heavenly guest;
Thou, who of old in Bethany didst rest,
Tarry with me to-night.

With goodly fare my table is not spread;
Hot tears have mingled with my wine and bread,
I cannot pour upon Thy blessed head
The spikenard, rare and sweet;

But, if my few, poor gifts Thou condescend
To take, Thy taking worthiness will lend,—
And I will pour my soul out, O my Friend!
Like Mary, at Thy feet!

I strain my gaze now for one gleaming star,
I sit in darkness with my door ajar,
That I may hear Thy footsteps from afar,
The footsteps of my King!

And I do hear, though clouds Thy visage hide;
I reach my hand out thro' the shadowy tide
Of doubts and fears, and on the other side,
Lo, it is clasped in Thine!

I shuddering feel the nail-prints in the palm;
But oh! the wounds drop healing, and a balm
Of tenderness, that blesses with a calm
Of peace and love divine.

ALL IN ALL.

From out the silence and the shadows dim,
From out the weary discord and the strife,
One great truth bringeth light and peace;—in Him
Is Life—and He, in us, is Life.

What more, what better, hath the earth to give?
And heaven itself—what can it offer more?
All things are theirs in whom the Christ doth live—
Content of Love, fullness of grace and power.

Who freely of the life in Him partake
Choose gladly ways in which His worn feet trod,
Toil in unfailing gladness for His sake;—
And losing joy,—find more than joy in God.

THE WHOLE YEAR'S SONG.

Frail, trembling hands outreached in eager groping,
If, haply through the shadows of the tomb,
Ye might but find and feel Him—vainly hoping
For life from lifeless touch, for light from gloom;
Tired feet that linger where no Christ lies hidden;
Sad eyes that weep, and lips that sob and moan,—
No longer grieve nor grope. See! God has bidden
His strong white angels roll away the stone.

He whom ye seek behind yon gloomy portal—
Mingling your burial spices with your tears—
No more is dead; in strength and light immortal
He lives to crown with joy the desolate years.
Lives to o'ercome earth's anguished cry and sobbing,
Give rest for struggle, and for wounds His balm,
His strong, sweet life through human pulses throbbing,
Changing all fear to trust, all strife to calm.

How shall ye know? Not by the radiant altars
Whose incense drowns the fainting lilies' breath;
Not by the tide of praise that fails nor falters
Through countless pæans of victory over death;
Not by the sacred help of priestly praying,
Nor all that temples, shrines, or symbols give,—
They only know whose hearts have heard Him
saying,
"My life is thine; because I live ye live."

Sad, fettered souls, long held in self's dim prison,
Bound fast by error, ignorance, or pride,
Do ye not hear? The Conqueror is risen;
In His brave death thy foes and His have died.
Bury thy dead! Live, live the wondrous story
That lifts the world from deeps of woe and wrong.
Wouldst flood the shadows with the Easter glory?
Sing out, the whole year round, thine Easter song.

A WISH.

My life has climbed to its topmost steep;
I see the slopes on the downward side;
I have seen my sea at its fullest tide,
And watched the darkling waters creep
Out to the deep, where the dreamless sleep
 Waits whatever has lived and died.

And I backward throw one line of prayer,
A frail thread over the way I've trod,
That the valley glooms, and the thorny sod,
And the desert's burning paths of care
Change to the gleam of pastures fair,
 Under your steps as you climb to God.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Oft when twilight shadows darken o'er this vale of
Interlachen,

Swift o'er snowy heights of Alp-land, swift o'er
foaming deeps of sea,
Though the white peaks gleam out starkly, though
the wild waves threaten darkly,
And I know no track o'er either,—yet my soul
flies home to thee.

So 'cross space that can not sever, so 'cross years
that seem forever,
Often when my words are silent, and my longing
lips are dumb,
Ere my heart can voice its calling, I can hear your
answer falling,
And across our secret pathway, softly I can feel
you come.

Then, once more in summer weather, we two climb
the hills together,
And we take up where we left it all the old-time
converse sweet;
And the undertone of sadness, running through our
strain of gladness,
Only makes the heart-communion all more sacred
and complete.

Shall we grieve that we are older, if we stronger are
and bolder,
For our life's incessant warfare,—braver, too, to
bear our scars;—
Not too lightly and not loudly, only silently and
proudly,
Wearing marks of age and sorrow as the mid-
night wears her stars?

Ah, your answer cometh quickly; as I listen, gather
thickly

White and ghostly forms from cloud-land, steal-
ing down the mountain-side.

Gathering in stately column, marching with a meas-
ure solemn

'Cross the Jungfrau's snowy garment, hiding swift
this Alpine Bride,—

Bride, who stands in peerless whiteness, mocking
e'en the calm sky's brightness,

Mocking, while the gray cliffs round her do her
homage every one;

Mocking, while the soft mists veil her, while the
winds and storms assail her,

Never smiling nor unveiling but for kisses of the
sun.

O my friend! these Alpine ranges have not shared
the mortal changes

That have swept our human living since we climb-
ed their weary heights;

Still they stand up high and hoary, sunsets steep
them still in glory,

And the glaciers gleam and glisten in the moon-
beams ghastly white.

Softer, in the sky of even, other peaks lift up to
heaven,

Mountains which of old, beloved, we together
gazed upon:

Mount of Olives, rising clearer than all other
heights, and dearer;

Carmel and the dewy Hermon, and the cedared
Lebanon.

So my soul makes glad surrender to its memory,
 strong and tender,
 Of our days upon the mountains, of our wander-
 ings wide and far;
And I bend mine ears to harken in this vale of In-
terlachen,
 For the echo of my longing, reaching me from
 where you are.

A MOUNTAIN SUMMER.

I see them again, my own hill lands,
The mountains I used to know,
When my shadows were moving westward,
And the days were all aglow
With the sun of long ago.

I have no need to remember
The picture of each dear place,
For the touch of the calm September,
On Nature's familiar face,
Has given the old-time grace.

The grace which the dying summer
Threw like a mantle down
On forest, and field, and woodland,
Where, living, she wore her crown,—
Her crown in the dust laid down.

It hangs o'er the hillside forest
In many a misty fold;
And the life is gone from the greenness,
And the mountains look blighted and cold,
Like strong men suddenly old.

The tender green of the grasses
Is changed to a lifeless gray.
I have seen the velvet cushions
In places where penitents pray,
That looked like the fields to-day.

The sad earth seems a temple,
Where, notes of praise between,
An undertone of sorrow
Echoes in isles of green
For a dead and discrowned queen.

And the gay and glorious autumn
Reluctant comes to reign,
As if it shrank from startling
With light and joy again
This vague, uncertain pain.

The woods may burn with color,
And the sun the hilltops kiss,—
From all their royal robing
My heart a charm shall miss,
And no day be like this.

I shall open mine eyes to the glory,
I shall join the harvest praise,
But I cannot carry over
Into the gayer ways
What died in the summer days.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

Giver of good, One gift o'er all
Its wondrous greatness lifts.
Let tides of blessing rise or fall,
Thou art the Gift of gifts.
Having not Thee, I nothing own,
With Thee all things are mine,
For good abides in Thee alone,
And flows from Thee to thine.

So when I praise for length of days,
For health and peace from strife,
For tender care that everywhere
Encircles human life,
When thanks go up for fullest cup
Of joy, or love or grace,
The glory lies in that mine eyes
In all behold Thy face.

When waiting, trembling, at Thy feet
Because Thy tender will
Has changed Thy gifts, so fair and sweet,
To seeming woe and ill;
Then with a peace more full and deep
I make my grateful song,
So wakest Thou my soul from sleep
So mak'st my weakness strong,

How can we thank Thee, oh, our God,
When ev'ry care or loss
Has lost the sting of chastening woe
Before Thy radiant cross?
Thine ears have heard no grateful word
To prove the thankful heart,
And yet each pulse of being stirred
Throbs praises that Thou art.

THE UNFAILING LIGHT.

The day was the darkest day in the somber week
of the Passion—

Week when the wide world weeps over its dying
Redeemer.

Threatening, the storm clouds hung low over
Olivet's summit;

Threatening, as if once more the glorious sun
might be shrouded;

Rocks rent, graves yawn, and the dead stalk forth
in the face of the living.

Over the city called Holy, Jerusalem, somber and
silent,

Over her streets and her by-ways, her courts and
her towers and her temples

Darkly the shadow hung, of a terror too great to be
uttered;

For, yonder, on Calvary's mount, in the tomb now
for centuries empty,

'Neath the Cathedral Dome they had reared—both
to crown and enshrine it—

On the altar, where, year after year, the light never
faded nor flickered,

Sudden the flame had paled and died away into
darkness—

Darkness that could be felt, for, under it, day shrank
affrighted;

Under it shivered the sky, and under it closed up
the blossoms,

Surprised into sleep, in the midst of the smile and
the glow of the morning;

Under it voices were hushed and heart throbs took
measure of terror.

For to souls full of faith in fair symbols, the light
on the tomb's sacred altar
Was sign that the Lord, who had lain there, was living
and loving among them;
If it glowed, all was well; He was near them, above
them, within them;
If it paled, they were grieving and quenching the
fire of His innermost spirit;
If it died, He was gone from their midst—afresh,
by their sins, they had slain Him!

Swiftly the sad news spread from the lips of the
priest to the people;
From altar to hearth it sprang; from temple to low-
liest fireside;
Through the silent streets it was borne, this story
of swift coming shadow;
Over the massive walls it rose on the voice of the
wailers;
“Alas, for the light that is dead! Alas, for the life
that is dying!”
Out through the gates it passed, the unwelcome,
heart-breaking message,
Reaching the camp at last, the camp of thousands
of pilgrims,
Whose white tents gleamed through the gloom on
the slope of Olivet's mountain,—
Or out on the Bethlehem plains, where played with
the flocks of the shepherds,
Under green olive boughs, unsandalled, the Syrian
children.

Then the pilgrims arose in their fright and girded
their garments about them,
And forth from their tents they came into this
strange mid-day twilight;
From Olivet down across Kedron they swept to the
gate of St. Stephen;

From the plains, in at Bethlehem gate; from the
hills, by the gate of Damascus,
Into the city they poured an army of eager believers,
Bearing in strong right hands, unlighted, their con-
secrate torches.
Like the echo of forest winds was the wail of their
murmuring voices;
Like the throb of the distant sea was the beat of
their myriad footsteps,
As on through the gates they came, and swept in
under the arches.
Under the dome, and close, so close to the tomb's
sacred altar
That in all the Cathedral vast there was not room
for another.
Like a forest of spears in the gloom rose pallid
their unlighted tapers,
As, throng after throng, they knelt, and laid their
white lips to the pavement,
Footfalls and voices alike hushed into reverent
silence.

There were pilgrims from Russian snows, from the
isles of the blue Aegean,
From wherever the Greek cross shone, whether on
south-land or north-land;
From over the sea they had come, 'cross desolate
mountain and river.
The graves of dear children were hidden behind
them in sands of the desert;
Week after week, they had come, foot-sore and
burdened and weary,
Till, fainting and ready to die, had burst on their
triumphant vision,
Sight of the mountain of God—sight of the glori-
fied city!
Could they turn homeward unblessed, who had
come so far for a blessing?

Homeward, with never a light to set above altar
or cradle,
To guard as the sign of His blessing, through seed-
time and blooming and harvest?
How should they tread in the dark, desert and river
and mountain?
And what would home be to their hearts, missing the
light of His presence?

What marvel they knelt in their fright, and vowed
Him a vow in their praying,
That, if only the Lord would return, the sins
should be slain that had slain Him.
Each penitent soul yielding up in the deeps of its
own self-abasement,
Whatever, through hurt to God's children, meant
pain to the heart of the Master!
And more, so they prayed, if He only in pitiful,
tender relenting,
Gave answer of mercy and peace to the cry of
their bitter repenting;
If only the light of His smile came back to the
hearth and the altar,
No more for themselves and their own would they
guard it and cherish and hide it,—
Forgetting the souls in the night—but with courage
that never should falter
They would hold it aloft in all dark. For the smit-
ten of God and afflicted,
For the wandering ones and the weak, aye, e'en for
the guilty and sinning,
It should shine forth unfaltering.—But, lo! at the
fair vow's beginning,
A murmur, a stir and a flash, then a light rising
higher and higher,
As forth from the chapel door shone the sweet gold-
en gleam of the fire!

It had come in such fulness of glory as left not a
throb of desire!
Then, suddenly caught from the altar, flashing from
taper to taper,
Leaping from hand to hand, a radiance, tumultuous,
tender,
Spreading out under the arches, a widening circle of
splendor,
A tremulous sea of light, tossing in wild waves of
amber;
From taper to taper it spread—like love from one
heart to another—
Passing from shrine to shrine, till the temple, from
altar to portal,
Needed no light of the sun, for the glory of God
was upon her.

So, they tell us, runs the legend
Of the pilgrim's faith and prayer!
You, oh, faithful, who are bearing
Lighted tapers everywhere;—
You, who dwell so close, a finger
Lifted, stirs His garment's hem,
Not for you this old time legend
Brought from far Jerusalem.

Not for you the mournful waiting
By the Master's empty tomb;
In each human face ye find Him,
Shining up thro' sin and gloom;
And for you the blessed mission,
In the spirit's murkiest night
To uphold the shining taper,
Flood the dark with God's own light.

In each heart to which you show Him
Sacred altars shall be set;
Dear, indeed, to Him must ever
Be the slopes of Olivet;
But the mount of strong temptation,
Which some soul has safely trod,
Through your leading, may be even
Dearer to the heart of God.

Yours the pilgrim staff and mantle,
Yours the pilgrim's eager quest
For the Christ that dying, dying,
Pleads in every human breast,
Pleads for light upon the darkness
Into which His life shines dim,
For the slaying of the tempters,
That in men are slaying Him.

And as in yon dim temple
The power that made them whole
Flashed like a wave of glory
From eager soul to soul,
So here, and now, and ever,
And everywhere, the fire
Shall flash from heart to heart of those
Who lift His tapers higher!

Brave tried souls, whose hands unfaltering, through
the mists of hopes and fears,
Through the blinding whirl of tempest, through all
weariness and tears,
Yet have held aloft His beacon, brightening through
the shadowed years,
Yours the wrecks brought safe to haven, yours the
tender notes that swell

From the hearts whose grateful cadence mocks the
chime of Easter bell;
Yours the myriad lights set glowing 'mid a sad
world's sins and scars;
Yours the sin-bound lives unfettered by your touch
on prison bars;
Yours the joy, when God shall give you shining
souls for midnight stars.

A HYMN FOR LENT.

In temptation's dark distress,
Lead us through the wilderness,
In the way Thine own feet trod,
Bleeding, tempted, up to God.
Waiting, trembling and afraid,
On the mount where Jesus prayed,
Teach our humbled souls to share
Thirst and pain, and midnight prayer.

Hand that breaks no bruised reed,
Save us who are sore indeed!
Voice that hushed the sea to peace,
Bid our restless striving cease.
Eyes that 'neath their thorny crown
From the cross looked pitying down,
Look on us in mercy sweet,
Waiting at Thy blood-stained feet.

Waiting, with our sin and loss,
In the dust beneath Thy cross.
Bleeding heart and hands and head,
All Thy drops for us were shed.
And our sin makes all the gloom
Of Thy dreary, rock-hewn tomb,
Yet our tears that fall like rain,
Soothe no wound and wash no stain.

Oh, forgive us, Heart of grace,
Lift our eyes up to Thy face!
Let the Love that makes us free,
Smile e'en through Thine agony.
Let our sin, our shame, our pride,
In Thy death, be crucified;
And our lives of love and praise
Bless Thee e'en for Lenten days.

THE VICTOR.

Yesterday, distress and gloom,
Folded shroud and rock-hewn tomb,
Where to-day is light and bloom.

Brooding darkness yesterday,
On the spot where Jesus lay;
Now the stone is rolled away.

And triumphant voices ring
With the hymn the blessed sing,
Death at last has lost its sting.

Lost its sting and lost its sway,
O'er to-day or yesterday.
Where is now thy victory?

Where thy triumph, vaunting grave?
Seas of pardon softly lave
Souls the Master rose to save.

And the Easter bell's glad strain,
Is for all who, washed from stain,
Rise henceforth o'er sin and pain!

RISEN FOR US.

Say, did it mean to break the bands that bound Him
And stand forth free beneath Judea's sky;
With holy stars above and silence round him,
And all forgot the tomb and Calvary?

Or did it mean such radiance of glory,
Breaking from heaven on His ravished sight,
As blotted out for aye the mournful story
That ended for Him in the grave's dark night?

Or did the gladness of the new life, throbbing
In warm free pulses, through His wounded heart,
Shut out from Him the sound of human sobbing
O'er woe and pain in which He once had part?

Ah, no, not so; whatever priceless blessing
Within His radiant crown of joy was set,
The grief, the wrong, the burden on us pressing
Are still His own; the Lord cannot forget!

Though from our tearful gaze to heaven ascended,
He yet is with us in each hour of need,
Though cross, and thorn, and shame for him are
ended.

He bears our own;—the Lord is risen indeed!

THE EASTER GUEST.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome I thought I heard
In the ripple of brooks and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky and the sea, and the throbbing sod
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven that, living, Thy life might save.
But, blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me:
And my heart, o'erburdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chambers to take Thee in;

Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself a small, dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

Now let me come nearer, O Love Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest.
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
No end can come to the Easter tide.

CHANGE.

To know ourselves the dearest to our best,
And best to our most dear,—and then—to feel
Chill specters of pale doubt glide swift between;—
Sad shapes enwrapped in mists of time and change,
Haunting the sacred places of the soul;
Surely, to Trust there is no death like this!
Before their haunting presence angels flee,
The blessed shining ones of Hope and Faith,
And Love, that cannot flee, at last lies dead;
And there is wreck where Peace, with folded wings
Brooded, erewhile, and Joy was wont to be.

DEAD.

I buried a sorrow out of sight;
It is dead! I said; it is dead!
I shrouded it well in mantle of white,
I made it a grave when the stars shone bright,
I pressed the sod till it covered it quite,
And said, It is verily dead!
My sorrow is dead! I said.

I answered the asking of friendly eyes;
It is dead! I said; it is dead!
I calmed my weeping; I chained my sighs:
My days ran laughter and low replies;
I gave back smiling for dumb surprise,
And said, It is verily dead!
It is dead! I said; it is dead!

I said it so often the wild waves heard;
It is dead! they said; it is dead!
The murmuring pines in the south wind stirred,
The rush of waters, the song of bird,
All echoed together the same low word,
It is dead! they said; it is dead!
My sorrow is verily dead!

No growing grasses the grave revealed;
My sorrow is dead! I said;
No deep scar showed where a hurt had healed;
But a record was written, a book was sealed,
And a work was wrought in the world's wide field,
While ever and ever I said,
It is dead! it is verily dead!

Ah, well for the world and the world's works' sake!

It is dead! I said; it is dead!

But oh, for my heart! if it once could wake,

Its pitiful bondage of silence break,

And find a voice for its dull, dumb ache!

Nay, nay; it is dead! I said;

It is dead! it is verily dead!

THE EVERY-DAY SORROW.

The troubled tide of tangible despairing
Beats never unconsolated;
Not so the long, low swell of anguish, bearing
Dumb sorrows manifold.

The common griefs of common souls, whose level
Is mortals' low estate;
Whose voices, deadened by some loud woe's revel,
In sobbing silence wait;

Wait for one answering cry of recognition,
One star athwart their sky,
One promise of a far-off, fair fruition
For hopes that waiting die;

And, dying, walk again in ghostly starkness,
Peopling the gloomy gray
That makes their heaven murkier than darkness,
And farther from the day.

For these where is the light? Shall that bright
portal
Which, soon or late, swings wide
For every soul, reveal a joy immortal
Secure the other side?

Shall some their crosses lift, till light upon them
Transfigures all below,
And wear their crowns so long ere they have won
them
That all their glory know—

And these, who, bending, drag a cross in sadness,
Their faces to the dust,
Not carry palms at last?—or know the gladness
Of souls that rest and trust?

Is it slow-slipping beads, or patient folding
Of stained hands in prayer,
That makes us stronger?—or the faithful holding
Of what God gives to bear?

TRUE MANHOOD.

The world makes march but slowly toward the dawn,

Slow swings and turns and gropes through somber night;

Lies dreaming at the portals of the morn,
Nor bounds to meet the embraces of the light.

Slow move the souls of men up from the dark,

The murky dark of self and sin and care;

Slow comes that perfect manhood's morn whose spark

Is caught from God, and fanned by faith and prayer.

Yet here and there some hasting soul speeds on

Before its fellows, like a herald star

That leads and guides where God's own Christ has gone,

Till others see the way and turn from far,

And follow, safely trusting him who guides;

Who never path of wrong or folly trod;—

In whose tried life no least dishonor hides,

To him is given to know the ways of God.

NOTHING LOST.

There is no heart, however lost and straying
From the green pastures and the narrow road,
But sees afar, sometimes, the soft light playing
Around the summits of the mounts of God;

And seeing, longs to try the upward climbing
Of that hard path that leads away from night,
To where the sin-dulled ear can catch the chiming
Of souls triumphant who have reached the height.

And sometimes hands well trained to evil uses
Will drop the weapons of their sin and strife,
And take instead the cross of one who chooses
To lose all things and gain eternal life.

'Tis true, the eye that sees the mountain glowing
May turn to shadows ere the day is done,
The feet most eager in their upward going
May falter ere the race is well begun;

The hands may drop the burdens and the crosses;
The quickened ear forget the heavenly song;
The wrecked soul drift, forgetful of its losses,
And all the right go back again to wrong.

And yet while life goes on—a restless fever,
With good ennobled and with evil curst—
Each nobler longing, and each grand endeavor,
And each high hope are, to that fever's thirst,

Like one more drop from a celestial river
That waters all the region wide and fair,
Where wanderers go no more out forever,
When once have shut the golden gates of prayer.

WHY?

Not because my palsied hand has gathered
Strength to take the idle weapons up;
Not because my lips have found the sweetness
Mingled with the bitter of my cup;

Not because the way in which I faltered
Has grown smoother, or my burden less;
Or because I see, thro' Fate's dark masking,
Where my smiters have been meant to bless;

Not because I see, in smoldering ashes,
Fires of hope and faith once more alight;
Or because my waiting has been resting,
Do I rise and gird me for the fight.

Gird me, though from wounds still faint and bleed-
ing;
Walk erect, though weak, athirst, and faint;
And press onward to the end, unheeding
If my road be cheered by wayside saint.

'Tis enough that, lying in the shadows,
Far away from saintly shrine or cross,
I have heard a voice of human music,
Seen a smile that shamed defeat and loss;

Caught a glance from an illumined spirit,
Throwing out, where life's high billows roll,
Light-house gleams of peace, which they inherit
Who are strong in an unvanquished soul.

And because I see that sweet light falling
Over wilder seas than I have tried,
Warning other barks in deeps appalling,
Shining on to cheer, to help, to guide;

And because I saw it when I drifted,
Wrecked and broken, on the shifting sand,
Have I lighted my small lamp, and lifted
Up my life once more in trembling hand.

It may be the gleam of my small taper
Shall o'ershine some rough or shadowed way;
So I clasp my weapons, take my burdens,
And press forward to the eternal day.

A CHOICE.

If all Love's gifts of grace or power,
Lay spread before my choice this hour,
What should I claim as life's best dower?
Dear God, how should I know?

Unfailing love, from sun to sun?
Unfailing wealth, in honor won?
Unfailing health—all gifts in one?
Nay; all of these may go.

For love that comes our lives to bless
To us should evermore be less
In grace and might and tenderness,
Than love that we bestow.

And health the tender soul may drain
Of power to share the sufferers' pain;
And strength is weakness, power is vain,
That soothes no human woe.

And wealth of treasure, land or gold,
Is only sweet to have and hold
To those whose mercies manifold
In ceaseless gifts o'erflow.

So, from the dazzling tempting three
How can I choose? Choose Thou for me,
Give or withhold, but let me be
Content Thy will to know.

Give love until I love outpour,—
Give pain, till those whose hearts are sore
May feel for them I suffer more
Than for my own small woe.

Give wealth, but not for selfish greed,—
Wealth for the sad world's pain and need;—
Give Thou Thyself, then rich indeed
All else may come or go.

THANKSGIVING.

True I have lost my treasures; yet to-day
I cannot, grieving, pray,
Mourning the joys of which I am bereft.
I lift mine eyelids up, instead, and say:
Behold, how much is left.

Still soft along the sky the white clouds run,
Still shines the blessed sun;
Still voice of running water greets my ear;
Still 'cross my twilights stars gleam one by one,
And I can see and hear—

Can see the warm light on the shaded ways,
Can hear the birds' sweet praise,
And oft the wayward wind among the leaves;
And the low drip of rain in clouded days
Upon my cottage eaves.

So while the summer blossoms clothe the ground,
Or falls the happy sound
Of little children's voices on the air,
I still shall find the world with sweetness crowned,
And comfort everywhere:

Still find a grateful song for moans of pain,
A gentle triumph strain
To calm the sadness of my halting verse.
Under each seeming loss a certain gain;
A blessing in each curse.

TRUE FREEDOM.

"For Freedom is not secured by full enjoyment of what is desired, but by controlling the desire."—
Epictetus.

Strangely, on our hurried human living,
On our restless strife and eager scheming,
On our stubborn habit of resistance
To whatever mocks or thwarts our wishes,
Falls the wisdom of the old-time teacher.

Strange—yet when our deepest souls make answer,
They but give an echo to the lessons,
And we know, by subtle inward teaching,
Truths the outward sense denies or questions.
Thus we know that he alone hath riches
Who hath proved the greatness of a little;
He alone hath store of heavenly treasure
Whom God loveth as a cheerful giver;
That he, only, walks in truest freedom
Who can bear his chains without a murmur;
And that he is victor over trouble
Who hath learned the blessedness of yielding,
And possesseth his own soul in patience.

So it is—we may be "more than conquerors,"
"More than conquerors" through One who loved us;
One whose strength is in our weakness—perfect;
One who meets our emptiness with fullness;
One who said, "Who saveth life shall lose it,"
"He who giveth, findeth life eternal."

THE HIDDEN SIDE.

Let us walk onward softly, with our hearts
As open as the leaves are to the sun.
And, like the leaves, that, fluttering in the wind,
Uplift, in turn, both fair sides to the light,
Yet show us tints more delicate below;—
Because, perhaps, the dust, stirred everywhere
By hurrying tread of toil or sin or care,
Can find no little spot to cling to there;—
So let our inner life a beauty know,
Not even dust-stained with our strife and pride,
And ever fairer on the hidden side.

AT HOME IN GOD.

As a ship that clings to the sand
Fearing the storm and the wave,
Under a masterful hand,
Mighty to guide and to save,
Glides from the sheltering shore,
Into a trackless sea;—
My soul drifts out once more,
To its unknown home in Thee.

As a bird from its cradle nest
Opens its wings to the air,
And under its throbbing breast,
Around it and everywhere,
Finds free and exultant life,
Where the good God meant it to be;—
My soul from its fear or its strife,
Finds its home and its gladness in Thee.

As the bird is at home in the air,
As the stars are at home in the night,
The soul shall abide in Thy care
Like blossoms that thrive in the light.
As the home of the ship is the sea,
Though hidden the track to be trod,
So the life of the soul is in Thee,
And the home of the soul is in God.

THE LAW AND THE GOSPEL.

Out from the threatening cloud and gloom of Sinai
Into green pastures of a heavenly land,
In safety hiding and in peace abiding,
Under the guiding of a Saviour's hand.

Out from the self-wrought sorrow and disaster,
Fruitage of evil ways our feet have trod,
Into obedience to the patient Master,
Into sweet oneness with the will of God.

Up from the earth, whereon we grope or grovel,
Heaping up treasure for the moth and rust,
Into a world that garners gifts and graces,
Meekness and penitence, and love and trust.

Into the soul that makes Him full surrender
Pours the full tide of blessedness and awe,
Flowing from One, the mighty and the tender,
Whose law is in His love—whose love is law.

BEYOND

The sunset's crown of radiant gold,
And robe of amethyst,
Had paled to twilight grey and cold,
And trembling veils of mist.
Then, up the heaven the white moon sailed,
And, gleaming in her wake,
Her silvery shimmering garments trailed
A shining way, in shadows veiled,
Across the dusky lake.

The darkness quenched the sunset hues,
Day—shrouded—sank in night,
Yet, through the gloom, and through the dews,
Still trailed that track of light.
No breeze bore upward hymn or prayer,
No step throbbed on the sod,
And yet my soul saw opened there—
'Cross lake, o'er mount, through ambient air,
A shining path to God.

O coward soul, that fears to miss
The glow from out thy sky,
That shrinks from sorrow's touch and kiss
When shades are drawing nigh;
Beyond the night's o'er shadowing frown
Light gleams on wave and sod,
And thou mayst climb—thy robe and crown
Faded, and in the dust laid down—
That shining way to God.

A PRAYER.

Wearied and tired and worn,
Loathing what is, dreading what is to be,
Shrinking from sorrows that must still be borne,
Father, I come to Thee!

I lay my burdens down
One moment, that my hands Thy cross may take.
When shall I lift them up to take the crown
Given for Christ's dear sake?

I'm wearied with the heat,
And still the sands grow hotter 'neath my tread;
Beside no cool streams walk my aching feet,
No shade is o'er my head.

I come to Thee for rest,
Bringing Thee love and trust—both weak through
pain;
Oh! lift me till I lie upon Thy breast,
Love me to peace again.

And lay Thy precious hand,
In softest touches, on my head to-day,
And let me by Thine own strong breath be fanned
Through all the desert way.

Then, though my heart be sad,
Though I am weary, and the way seem long,
Thy blessed presence here shall make me glad,
In Thee I shall be strong.

AMONG THE TREES.

"God's saints are like to these,"
I whispered, 'neath the trees
That stand up straight and strong
The giant hills among.
The green and fragrant pine,
Waved whisper back to mine,
Answered the murmuring breeze,
"God's saints are even like these!"

Among the leaves a plaint;
"Dear Lord, not every saint
Stands brave and straight and strong.
Not all have suffered long.
Dwarfed, barren, gnarled, they stand
Bowed down on every hand.
Among the blessed trees,
Is there a place for these?"

Lift up thy head and sing!
God's word doth answer bring.
See! meadow, vale, and height
All lie in God's own light;
And there are valleys green
All mountain peaks between,
Cool streams and pastures wide
All rugged tracks beside.

E'en thy late blossoming rod
Shall, on the mount of God,
Find growth and comfort sweet,
At the tall cedars' feet;
And in the forest shade
Thou needst not be dismayed,
Because the dear Christ's grace
Makes even for thee a place .

EVENTIDE.

From my window I can see the reapers
Bringing home their sheaves at set of sun;
Drowsy bees are humming 'mid the creepers,
Over sweetness gained and labor done.

Peasant women from the field are bringing
Little rosy children, tired of play,
Who, within the sound of mother's singing,
Slept or sported in the fields all day.

"Blest the toil that sweetens rest and pleasure,"
Sighs the evening wind through closing flowers;
"Blest each humble hand that wrested treasure
From the golden storehouse of the hours."

Throbs the earth with pulse of strong endeavor;
I alone, behind my prison bars,
Hold my hands up empty, and can never
Welcome the calm coming of the stars.

I am weary, too; yet restful even
On no harvest work of mine has smiled;
And no song of mine has sweetness given
Even to the slumbers of a child.

Have I lost the Hand the whole world guiding
To the fields where humble souls rejoice;
Till earth's harmonies are lost in chiding?
Nay, the wind and waves with troubled voice,

Sadly talk of life that yields no sweetness,
Waking mournful echo in my breast,
Till I, quickened, yearn for the completeness
Of a toil that earns an evening's rest.

Till I hasten to my own late sowing,
In the fields forever stretching wide,
Where, of old, one at the last hour going,
Won his penny at the eventide.

CALL IT NOT WINTER.

Call it not winter, when the white snows drift
Mantling dark hills in ermine soft and fair;
Call it not winter when the bare trees lift
Their naked arms up to the icy air;
Nor when the branching boughs hold empty nests,
Nor when the singing birds have silent flown,
Nor even when loved hands upon the breast
Are folded, and we stand alone, alone!

Call it not winter, when the silver shine
Comes in the hair a loving hand caressed,
When care and sorrow mark with tender line
The brow, or weak feet falter to their rest;
But, when a hand of doubt has touched the heart,
And 'neath its chill, warm love and hope have fled;
When loving, patient trust no more has part
In the soul's life, the summer-time is dead.

The sun may melt the snow from off the hill,
The leaves spring fresh on living boughs again;
But, from the stricken life and palsied will,
What power shall melt away the icy chain?
The singing bird may build anew its nest,
And youth divine from age and death may start,
The fair earth spring afresh from icy rest;—
But what shall break the winter of the heart?

ENDURANCE.

For deeps of human suffering or joy, no measure
Into our hands is given;
We cannot know our brother's loss or treasure,
His anguish or his heaven.

Ofttimes the arrowy sharpness of a sorrow,
Piercing life's common calm,
Smites hidden rocks of comfort, which to-morrow
O'erflow with healing balm.

Ofttimes we calmest find grief's turbid river
Who trembled on its brink;
And oft the cup at which our blanched lips quiver
Holds wine of hope to drink.

'Neath burdens that we staggered in the taking
We walk erect at length;
And bitter blows that bow us e'en to breaking,
Reveal our secret strength.

A LAMP TO THY FEET AND A LIGHT TO THY PATH.

A lamp to thy feet—not a splendor
Lighting the hills afar;
Not radiance—solemn and tender—
Of moonlight, or glimmer of star.
The way may be shrouded in shadow
And dimness and mist of the night,
But be it o'er mountain or meadow,
Before us the path shall be light.

Not light with the glow of the morning,
Flooded with sunshine sweet?
Not e'en the faint gleam of the dawning?
Nay, only a lamp to the feet!
If all the long road stretched in whiteness,
And wide fields smiled to the day,
Should we move swiftly on in the brightness,
Or linger and dream by the way?

He knoweth, who, guiding the stranger
Safely in darkness and light,
Has hidden the glory and danger
Alike from our wandering sight.
He knoweth, who walketh before us,
Bearing the glimmering lamp,
How sombre the shade that hangs o'er us,
How we shiver and shrink in the damp. ..

For His locks are wet with the night-dews,
His feet are bleeding and torn,
As, wearying under our burden,
He treads in our pathway the thorn.
Though His lamp light one step, and one only,
There's the mark of His foot in the sod,
Though the way may be thorny and lonely,
It ends in the bosom of God.

"AS ONE HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

1914
M.H.
Thy way lies over the mountain road,
The end thou canst not see;
And child, thou hast a weary load,
Wilt pause and rest with Me?
As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort thee.

The night grows dark, the storm is wild,
Thy burden hard to bear,
Why stagger on thou weary child,
When I am here to share?
Nay, as a mother comforteth,
To take Myself thy care.

To be thy refuge from all harm,
To bear thy grief and smart,
To Me the pain, for thee the balm;
Thou of Myself a part.
I make thy cradle in My arms,
Thy pillow on My heart.

There rest thee now, in every sound,
Of wind or wave or tree,
Hear thou My whisper—I have found
A child! Stay close by Me!
As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort thee.

"LEAVING THE THINGS THAT ARE BEHIND."

Why cling to the past at such terrible cost.
In weakness and doubt?
Pray God to forget; leave the days that are lost,
Blot the yesterdays out!
Have you fallen? Spring up once again and press on!
He will yet give the power.
Over wrong that is done, over good that is gone,
Waste no sorrowful hour.
In pitiful tears linger not to lament,
If to weep you must wait.
The home road is long. He will know you repent
When you come to His gate
In your prodigal garb, with your prodigal's cry
For a place at His feet.
The place of a servant? Nay; you are His child,
And His welcome is sweet.
Not the Judge, but the Father shines out in His face.
He Are you glad? He is more.
One more outlet for love, one more claimant for
grace,
And His heart, that before
Could not bless with a love which a wandering soul
Could not answer or take,
Gives the love long restrained, in a jubilant whole,
And loves for love's sake.

ALONE.

Afraid to dwell alone, O coward heart,
When He, whose hand hath set thee thus apart,
Built up thy hedges, closed thine open gate,—
Knows what it is to stand outside, and wait?

Oh, think how oft, His locks with night dewes wet,
He trod the shadowy gloom of Olivet;—
How vainly sought one loving soul to share
Gethsemane's sad hour of midnight prayer.

How human hearts gave back, for love, their hate;
Till smitten, scorned, and mocked, and desolate,
His aching heart broke with this dying moan:
"My God! my God! why am I left alone?"

Before His cross, O tired soul, be still!
Accept the path He shows thee; let His will
Be guide and comfort, so, however drear
The way may seem to thee, He will be near!

Hearing His voice, what other canst thou need?
Seeing His smile, thy days are fair indeed.
Divinest fellowship may be thine own;—
Say, Soul, art still afraid to be alone?

ALL DAY WITH GOD.

From dawn till dark! The eastern sky is gleaming
Already with the promise of the day;
The world, o'er-full of souls asleep and dreaming,
Seems, in the silence, dim and far away.

It must awake to pain and hope and sorrow,
Eager its foes to meet, its goals to win;
Soul, sore with struggle, rest thee till tomorrow,
Since strife is vain o'er foes that lurk within.

Yet there within sits One, enthroned and reigning
Triumphant over every evil guest;
What has life left for losing or for gaining?
Thou, being in God, hast entered into rest.

All day with God! Too close and dear for seeking,
Will He go hence when falls the eventide?
Nay, hark! a whisper through the silence speaking,
"Through life, through death, I still with thee
- abide."

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

I have only to hasten and hide,
I have only to cling and abide;
I am safe whatever betide,
In the heart, in the heart of my God.

My weeping is changed to a song,
No sorrow comes near, and no wrong
Can enter a fortress so strong
As the heart, as the heart of my God.

When the cloud and the whirlwind sweep by,
In the cleft of the rock I can lie;
The Rock that is higher than I
Is the heart, is the heart of my God.

What matter if sorrows assail,
What matter if mortal strength fail?
No tempest can ever prevail
'Gainst the strength in the heart of my God.

From the smittings of scorn that begin
In the soul scourged and hunted by sin,
There is healing and comfort within
The pitiful heart of my God.

A refuge divine from my fears,
From the strife of the turbulent years,
From anguish and mourning and tears,
Is the heart, is the heart of my God.

In this fortress, my soul, be thou still,
'Neath His blessed, omnipotent will;
Till His love, overflowing, shall fill
Thy life from the heart of thy God.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS."

For the glory of the lifted summits,
Wearing, as the day creeps from the dawning
Toward the sunset and the tender starlight,
Ever changing shapes of grace or grandeur;
For the solemn stillness of the valleys,
Where the silence of the soul finds answer;
For the voices in the wind at even,
And the notes of wild birds in the forest;
For the murmuring whisper in the pine-trees;
For all sights and sounds, O God! that bless us,
Do we, in our utmost being, thank Thee!

Lord! we know not how, on waiting spirits,
Falls from mount, and vale, and rock, and woodland,
From the sound, and from the solemn silence,
Strength and healing and calm benediction.
Yet upon them all Thy name is written,
In them all Thy secrets lie enfolded;
Through them all Thy love speaks in a cadence
Soft as mother's song beside the cradle.

So, close creeping to the heart of Nature,
We, too, feel the God-Heart throbbing through her,
And become glad sharers of her blessing;
Knowing, as we lift our wearied eyelids
To the hills, from whence our strength to suffer
And our strength to toil, unfailing, cometh,
That it cometh from the Lord, who made them,
From Thee, Lord, in whom our lives are hidden,
Thou, our Mount and Fortress, Rock and Refuge.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Do not look back, my soul!
Behind, the billows roll
That soon will oversweep
The path o'er which we weep.
The ways of toil and pain
Thou mayst not tread again;
Before thee lies the track;
Cast not thy vision back!

I know thy life is there;
Thy youth, so strong and fair,
Thy time of promise fled—
The white brows of thy dead;
Thy courage and thy fears,
The wasted strength of years,
But vain to watch their track!
Thou canst not win them back!

It helps thee not, to-day,
To moan, and weep, and pray,
Of precious things bereft;
Still hath the spoiler left
In thy neglected glass
Bright sands that swiftly pass
Towards evening, one by one,
While yet thy work's undone.

Weep not, my soul, nor stay
Enslaved by yesterday!
Behold an open door;
Its threshold crossed, before
Thy sight, triumphant stand,
Hills of the promised land,
Where, if thou wilt be free,
Shall thy to-morrow be.

TOWARD SUNSET.

High noon is past, the day sweeps toward the dark,
The morning's work, O God, is scarce begun;
Hill-high the tasks are piled, while shadows mark
Along the slopes the swift flight of the sun.

A voice I hear that bids to rest a while,
A touch I feel, from shadowy, unseen hand;
Yet fear to stay, for yonder, mile on mile
Of weary distance lies my unknown land.

Afar it lies—thick strewn with cares and toil;
Behind—the fields my hands refused to till;
The desert fields whose answering, fruitful soil,
Lacked but the labor of my heart and will.

Behind—the wayside, where the flowers died
For lack of me, until up sprung the thorn;
Behind—the sea, whose silent, pulseless tide,
Engulfed the hope and promise of the morn.

So much behind, O God! undone, undone!
So much before, that beckons me to speed,
Lest in my wasted years, the set of sun
Drop swiftly and my soul be dark indeed.

And yet again, the tender voice says "Rest,"
And yet the tender touch is on me laid;
Till, as a tired child on mother's breast,
Sinks down content, nor troubled, nor afraid,

My soul drops wearily its awful load,
And hastes no more, nor loiters gazing back.
One walks beside me in the upward road,
Whose feet, unsandalled, in the dusty track,

Bear nail-marks here and there, and crimson stains.
The thorns grew thick along the way He trod;
Heedless of hurt, His love, still scorning pain,
Has followed on to give me rest in God.

Shall I not rest then, just one little day,
Freed from the burden of the things undone—
And things to be done?—Hush! He looks thy way;
He loves thee, see, He smiles—beyond the sun.

It may be yet somewhere, sometime, some way,
He who has found, shall set thy task for thee;
To do and undo, and infuse His day
Into thy darkness, till thy soul stands free,

And hates what He hates, loves what He desires,
Takes smallest task with joy in lowliest place,
Nor heeds, if He but lead, the floods or fires
Through which still shines the glory of His face.

AFTERWARD.

If, after suffering, I should rest from pain,
If, after silence, I should speak again,
Or sing, perchance, could any song be sad?
Not while mine opened eyes beheld His face;
Not while my trembling hand had strength to trace
The tale o'er which a weary world is glad.

Only the same old lesson, freshly mine,
Learned newly with His touch upon the line—
Marking the portions oft misunderstood;
Showing where through the dross the treasures
shine,
Showing through hard dead words the Life divine
That changes sharpest pain to sweetest good.

In all the years can there be aught to sing,
Or aught to say but joyful words, that spring
From lips long silent, by His touch unsealed?
Can eyes droop after, under shadows dim,
That, lifting once their trembling gaze to Him,
Have, in His answering look, seen Heaven re-
vealed?

Nay, naught remains of all the sting and smart
That wrought their life-long unrest for the heart;
No more the cross, the burden, or the rod.
And yet not one of these my soul has fled,
'Tis not that pain or care are numbed or dead,
But in them lives and speaks a loving God.

BLIND BY THE WAYSIDE.

I know the truth:—the sun is there, beyond
The veil of gray that hides the bending blue;
The stars strove yester-night to pierce it through,
And failed,—yet none the less, I knew them fair,
And shining, out of sight, with eyes as fond
As if the soul beneath their smiling grew
To joy in God's illuminate beyond.

I know the paths that seem so hard and steep
Lead homeward ever, under cloud or sun;—
That whether swift or slow the brief days run,
The years are in the hollow of His hand;
The eternal years, whose purpose calm and grand
Is His, whose ways are right, though in the deep;
Whose calm or storm we may not understand.

I know that ill enfolds the inmost good;—
That false oft hides the true,—like seed the flower,—
That day-break surely ends the darkest hour;—
That all is well if all were understood.
Yet, 'mid the wondrous hidings of His power
Grove darkly on, as only blindness could,
And fear to fall, yet neither cringe nor cower.

Lead on, good Father, to Thy secret place!
Why hidest Thou? or why am I so blind,
That sun nor star breaks through the troubled mind?
Work out in me that miracle of grace
That sees the world in pain, yet knows Thee kind;
That finds the shining of Thy patient face
Within each human grief or care enshrined.

IF WE BELIEVED.

If we believed, we should arise and sing,
Dropping our burdens at His pierced feet.
Sorrow would flee, and weariness take wing,
Hard things grow fair, and bitter waters sweet.

If we believed, what room for fear or care
Within His arms, safe sheltered on His breast?
Peace for our pain, and hope for our despair,
Is what He meant who said, "I give thee rest."

Why linger, turn away, or idly grieve?
Where else is rest—the soul's supremest need?
Grandly He offers; meanly we receive.
Yet love that gives us rest is love, indeed.

The love that rests—say, shall it not do more?
Make haste, sad soul, thy heritage to claim.
It calms; it heals; it bears what erst ye bore,
And marks thy burdens with His own dear name.

Carried in Him and for Him, can they harm,
Or press thee sore, or prove a weary weight?
Nay, nay; into thy life His blessed calm
Shall drop, and thou no more be desolate.

No more with downcast eyes go faltering on,
Alone and sick at heart, and closely pressed.
Thy chains shall break, thy heavy heart be gone,
For He who calls thee, He will "give thee rest."

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

Written before an old painting in a shadowy corner of the Dresden Cathedral.

In the silence of an old cathedral,
Where child voices chant the vesper hymn,
Swings a silver lamp, whose softened lustre
Lights a little chapel still and dim;
Where, half hid behind the massive column,
Stand the marble Saint and Cherubim.

Never there God's blessed sunlight creepeth
Over fretted roof and frescoed wall,
And the moon with white and loving fingers
Never lifts the veil that covers all;
But on sculptured Saint—on cross and altar,
Evermore the rays of lamplight fall.

Evermore the perfumed censer swingeth,
Scattering morning's earliest blush of red.
Where the dust and damp and shadow clingeth;—
And its tenderest, softest glow is spread
O'er a picture where the Saviour bringeth
To His chosen ones the wine and bread.

He whom Jesus held upon His bosom,
He whose kiss betrayed alike are there,
And angels whose white faces in the cloud-land
Hush with their presence all the upper air,—
Till hearts that wait a moment in the radiance
Kneel lower—for that one faint gleam—in prayer.

And praying sob;—Oh great Soul! calmly taking
Into thine own all mortal sin and strife,
Who in thine hand that heart of thine art breaking
With all the burden of our anguish rife;
Give us, whose hearts with weight of sin are aching,
Give us our portion of the bread of life.

The bread that will not let us faint or falter,
In thine own way, how'er our nature shrink.
Let the same hand that led us to thine altar
Lead onward, till we stand upon the brink
Of that deep stream whose waters cleanse us wholly,
And where Thou givest us the wine to drink.

The red wine of Thy love and hope and faith,
Which overflowing in a crimson flood
Swept over all the wastes of sin and death,
A great tide welling from the heart of God;
That flowed and ebb'd, and to His feet swept back—
A world's heart cleansed in blood.

It was not for these first disciples only
The wondrous table of Thy grace was spread.
We know we need not hunger in the desert,
Thou holdest even for us the wine and bread,
And thro' the holy place in each heart's temple
The changeless light of Thine own face is shed.

And not alone for one of old, beloved,
Was it to lay his head upon Thy breast,
Even today—O gather to Thy bosom
The hearts that only there can find their rest;
And say again—"To whom is much forgiven
Shall it be taught to love and serve Me best."

Feed, strengthen, guide—O Christ, serene and
tender,
Fill full our lives from out the life divine;
Still let Thy glory beam in solemn splendor
In hearts that reach up thro' the dark to Thine;
That eat the bread and drink the living water,
And dwell within the temple near the shrine.

THE LIVING WATER.

I trod hot sands in climes of passion heat,
No waters sprang in all the desert waste;
Alone and thirsty, while the fevered beat
Of my tired pulses fast outran my feet,
And steps lagged weakly, though the blood made
haste.

I dreamed of all fair fruits and cooling springs,
I grasped and tasted in my frenzied dream;
But all the flowers died, the birds took wing,
And ashes on my lips grew pleasant things;
I languished vainly for one fresh, cool stream.

And all this time One walked by me, unknown—
One with high mien and calm, majestic grace;
Mine ears were dulled to His low, patient tone,
Mine eyes were blinded, till a glory shone
Across the pathway from His tranquil face.

He showed me there were blood-prints on His feet;
He showed me thorn-marks on His blessed head,
He called them signs of love divine, complete,
Told me of wells of water, living, sweet;
Enough to cleanse e'en me, e'en me, He said.

I told Him all my wandering, far and wild;
I dared not touch His offered cup of wine,
I showed Him white robes torn and sin-defiled;
And yet He whispered: "Tis for thee, my child,
Even for thee—this cup that makes thee mine."

I drank, and new life thrilled in every vein;
My feet were strong to leave the desert-sand;
My soul climbed swiftly steepes of bitter pain.
He leads me as He will; but ne'er again
In any journey do I loose His hand.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Convent of St. Bernard, Switzerland.

See! the clouds are climbing from the rivers,
The distant mountain tops are all aglow
With morning's early light, that, glancing, quivers
On the firs that crown the crags below.

Give back my staff, good father! I remember
When, blind and baffled by the blasts of fate,
And chilled by years that seemed one long December,

I staggered, fainting, to the convent gate.

I ne'er forget the ministry of healing,
The cup of wine, the sleep in spotless cell;
The hand of benediction, the appealing
Of cross, and saint, and shrine, and vesper bell;

The days of calm, the nights of solemn splendor,
The heights of silence where e'en murmurs cease,
The spirit's tender and serene surrender
To the incoming of abiding peace.

Oh! sweet indeed this rest upon the mountains,
This strength from out the everlasting hills,
This draught of purest life from upland fountains,
This sight of Heaven that all my vision fills.

But, father, here I came through desert dangers;
I held my breaking staff with bleeding hand,
And left behind me, weary, stricken strangers
Athirst and fainting on the shifting sand.

The desert wells were dry; my flask was broken;
Too frail for mine own weakness was my rod;
The hot skies gave their lifted eyes no token;
No rain-cloud answered to their cry to God.

They pilgrims, too, alas! with none to love them;
Their spent lives languished, while God quickened
mine;

Rain fell for me,—the heavens were brass above
them;

I, only, reached the mountain, gained the shrine.

True, they were spared my long and weary climbing,
My battling with the tempest and the cold;

But, oh! good father, they have missed the chiming
Of my sweet bells, my Shepherd and my fold.

E'en here, on these cool steeps, hot throbs of an-
guish

Repeat in mine own veins their pulse of pain;
I, too, beneath the desert-fever languish;

Their striving drowns my peace, their loss my
gain.

Their hunger robs my daily bread of sweetness,
Their moans thread sadly my triumphant psalm;

Let me go down to share in its completeness
Their woe, or lift them up to share this calm.

Oh, idle rest, while dearer souls are straying!

Oh, selfish joy, while these are unforgiven!

Oh, vanity of vague and voiceless praying!

If but for this our stained souls were shriven.

Nay; let me tarry on the heights no longer.

Round purer heart I wrap the pilgrim dress;
In purer touch the trembling staff is stronger;
My face is steadfast toward the wilderness,

To help the helpless, strengthen those who falter,
To lead to light the sorrowing and blind,
To reach once more my sacred mountain altar;
But not to leave the weaker ones behind.

Should such sweet grace to my rude hands be given
To bind up wounds, to lift the stricken up;
Each sufferer shall see the smile of Heaven
Outshining on him from the healing cup.

And should I perish by the way, another
Will surely struggle up to where I rest;
By mantle, scrip, and staff will know a brother,
And, by this little cross upon my breast,

Will know my soul has dwelt in peace up higher,
Will take my little store of oil and wine,
And, quickened by the glow of inward fire,
Mount e'en to heavenly heights beyond my shrine.

PRAISE.

How can I praise thee rightly, who have been
So slow of heart, so dull to learn Thy ways?
My soul is ready with its glad Amen
When others sing, and tries their songs again;
But all my singing does not sound like praise.

I thought, dear Lord, that e'en my muffled heart
Might from its stifling silence break forth free,
And 'mong Thy joyful singers find a part,
And add its might to all earth's minstrelsy;
But 'tis not thus as yet it serveth Thee.

So I must e'en be still,—my life at flood
May overflow, though not in speech or song.
I can give Love—as Jesus gave His blood,
Each drop a power to lift the world from wrong;
And praise is sweet,—but love and work are
strong.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

“Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.”

“As a little child, as a little child!”

Then how can I enter in?

I am scarred, and hardened, and soul-defiled,
With traces of sorrow and sin.

Can I turn backward the tide of years

And wake my dead youth at my will?

“Nay, but thou canst, with thy grief and thy fears,
Creep into My arms and be still.”

I know that the lambs in the heavenly fold

Are sheltered and kept in Thy heart;

But I—I am old, and the gray from the gold
Has bidden all brightness depart.

The gladness of youth, the faith and the truth,
Lie withered, or shrouded in dust.

“Thou’rt emptied at length of thy treacherous
strength;

Creep into My arms now—and trust.”

Is it true? can I share with the little ones there

A child’s calm repose on Thy breast?

“Aye, the tenderest care will answer thy prayer,
My love is for thee as the rest.

It will quiet thy fears, will wipe away tears—

Thy murmurs shall soften to psalms, ..

Thy sorrows shall seem but a feverish dream,
In the rest—in the rest of My arms.

"Thus tenderly held, the heart that rebelled,
Shall cling to My hand, though it smite;
Shall find in My rod the love of its God,
My statutes its songs in the night.
And whiter than snow shall the tainted life grow,
'Neath the touch of a love undefiled,
And the throngs of forgiven at the portals of heaven,
Have joy o'er one more little child."



THE COMER.

A strange red glow o'er-flows the early morning,
A dewy stillness bathes the silent night,
Across the pale horizon without warning
Speeds a white specter chased by radiant light.

Above, the sky one molten tide of glory,
An answering gleam on field and lake below,
While far off mountain peaks severe and hoary
Bind round with golden bands their crowns of
snow.

Through every spear-like twig a thrill and quiver
Of fresh life pulsing swift from root to leaf,
Till all the waiting forest seems to shiver
With hope new throbbing 'neath its wintry grief.

What can it mean—this gorgeous world-awaking?
Why do the frost-locked streams break forth
and sing?
Ah, Heart, be glad! The icy chains are breaking,
And light and song are heralds of the Spring.

MAY IS NEAR.

Dead hangs the vine that climbs the garden/wall,
No sign of swelling bud or bloom is there;
Its bare, dry twigs clasp close an empty nest;
Rocked by the winds and downy-lined with snow
Through all the wintry frosts that chilled the vine.
And round that nest to-day two tiny birds
Have swung and fluttered, twittered, chirped, and
 sung
Each to the other, that the May is near.

How know the birds? The whirling gusts of
 March
Are moaning in the forest, and the wind
Has never hint of summer in its tone;
The grass is gray and dead; the sky is lead;
And April showers beat like November rains.
For once the earth seems old and loath to wake
From sleep, that binds in shivering, wintry dreams;
And still the birds keep singing, May is near.

How know the birds? In some sweet, subtle voice
Unheard of mortals, has the ice-locked earth
Whispered to them the secret of its dream?
Close nestling to the brown breast of the sod,
In some warm spot, where sunshine drank the chill,
Say, have they heard the sweet, mysterious thrill
Pulsing through nature from the touch of God?
I cannot tell; yet Heart, why shouldst thou fear?
They build, they sing; they know the May is near.

FRAGMENT.

When flowers look up, with almost human smiles,
Or tears on their bright faces, and send down
Into our very hearts their fragrant breath,—
When waters gather many quivering tones,
Each one, the echo of some voice within;
And send them forth a thousand chords in one—
When trees bend down and whisper loving words,
And kiss us if we lift our faces up,
And the wood mosses and the slender vines
Cling to our hands as if we were beloved;
When the still stars grow dewy, if we weep,
Or shine with clearer light, if we are glad;
We ask with softened hearts: "Have these not souls?"

"THE SUMMER LIETH DEAD."

If funeral pageant, creeping sad and slow,
Had passed that way, and wailing mourners' tone
Left even a far-off echo on the air,—
If wandering winds had drifted 'cross her bier,
Or lingered, sighing, o'er her new-made grave,
They might have said, "The summer-time is dead."

But e'en the wind was silent;—silent, too,
The shadowy waters of the slumb'rous lake;
Silent the streams, soft gliding in their beds,
Silent the waveless sea, and yet they said
Through all their stillness, "Summer lieth dead!"

A nameless shade drifts 'cross the pallid fields,
Half cloud, half gleam,—faint specter of a gloom;
While on the distant mountains softly lie
Mist-veils, that night may deepen to a pall,
And make the green earth one vast shadowy tomb.

The radiant greenness of the distant hills
Has paled, as if souls, wandering penitent,
Had scattered ashes on their sunny brows.
The nearer forest hides its flags, half-furled,—
Bright crimson banners,—'neath its mantle green,
Ready to welcome Autumn to his throne,—
While birches lift their white arms, bathed in gold,
And wreathe a halo for the fair dead queen.

The long, low line of willows by the brook,
Trail their pale fringes in the silent stream,
And droop, and grieve, until from pool to pool
Creep faint sad thrills, "The summer-time is dead."

The sad sky tells it to the willow tree,
The willow to the brook, the brook to sea;
The sea's mist-shroud creeps upward to the hills,
The whole green earth a nameless shadow fills,
We doubt no more; the summer-time is dead.

OCTOBER.

O sunny day, whose mellow, golden light,
Lays its soft cheek upon the earth's brown breast,
And smiles back to the clear October sky,
That seems to bend from its calm rest on high,
As if it coveted the warm caress;
A yearning look is in its depth of blue,
As if it fain would take the old earth's hue,
Its burden bear of faded leaves awhile,
Could it but share with them the sunbeam's smile.

How that same shifting angel of the light
Darts its white fingers down among the trees,
Tossing the gold leaves on the birch's brow,
And, ere the birch can lift its white arms up,
Stealing a glory from its shining locks,
And sending it in golden quivering gleams,
To hide itself in beds of moss below.
The maple's crimson blush grows deeper red,
And glows and glistens like the cheek of one
Whose waiting heart some glad, sweet thought has
touched,
Setting the pulses bounding swift within.

Never a wood-bird nestled in the grass
More lovingly than these same beams of light
Do cling to and caress each faded thing,
While dreaminess, half mist, half tremulous light,
Sleeps in the hollows and enfolds the hills.

Oh dreamy autumn days, how full ye are
Of more than ripening leaf or fading flower,
Of more than sunset flushes on the woods,
Of more than hazy mist about the hills!
Each one of these comes freighted with a wealth
Flung by past autumns down among the years,
Covered with fading leaves and wintry snow,
But wooed by sunshine back into the light:—

Treasures of thought forgotten long ago;
Treasures of loves whose autumn followed June
So quickly that no summer smiled between;
Treasures kept locked in memory's silent cells
So long that only such an autumn wind
As bore upon its cadence old time words
Could sweep the dust from the closed portals back,
Leaving us free to walk at will within,
And reach our hands out, touching precious things
No other hand was ever laid upon;
Saying—It was just such a day as this,
Just such a day, so many autumns gone,
We laid this treasure here, and this, and this.

THE CROWNING OF WINTER.

The cold gray sky bends low, the north wind moans
Through naked branches of the shivering trees;
The sad earth, shrinking from the smiting cold,
Hides 'neath a garment woven of withered leaves,
A battered arabesque of brown and gold.

Quenched on the hills the Autumn's gleam and
glow;

Dead on the plain the pallid grasses lie;
And Winter's scepter, threatening from afar,
Touches the earth with nameless chill and dread,
That deepens, till the grieving rain begins
To drop its tears among the russet leaves.
Then comes the North-wind, herald of the king,
Smiting the hills and fields and pallid plains,
Stilling the pulses of the throbbing streams,
Clothing in frost-wrought armor every tree,
And hushing, while it falls, the sobbing rain.
And last, the sun—that drew the fair spring buds
Forth to their blossoming—and gave the gleam
To Summer's robe—and burned in Autumn's glow—
Comes forth, to scatter countless glittering gems
Over the ermine on the earth's fair breast,
And make a jewel of each frozen tear
That hangs on every twig the North-wind kissed.
Oh, lavish wealth of beauty! wondrous day!
No more a mournful earth or dull, dead sky!
At last the Winter King has claimed his crown.

•

LITANY.

From the self that stains and stings,
Soils and hurts all holier things,
Weighing down the soul's white wings,
Set us free, good Lord.

From the inward foes that reign,
O'er unwilling heart and brain,
From the tyranny of pain,
Set us free, good Lord.

From the clamorous cries of care,
Paralyzing hope and prayer,
From the quiet of despair,
Set us free, good Lord.

From the need that claims a dole,
From all strife with self for goal,
From fierce hunger of the soul,
Set us free, good Lord.

From old griefs that will not die,
From new sorrows creeping nigh,
Hopes that mock and dreams that lie,
Set us free, good Lord.

From the spirit's stain and dross,
Under which it suffers loss,
From the shrinking from the cross,
Set us free, good Lord.

Working in us strong and still,
With Thyself ourselves to fill,
By Thy sweet triumphant will,
Set us free, good Lord.

THE PAST.

A tyrant that bindeth with cords of pain,
And guardeth a prison door?
Nay—but an angel who breaks a chain,
And leads the way to a sunlit plain,
Where grasses blossom in summer rain,
And singing birds can soar.

A poisoned chalice whose hot drops bring
A pang to each pulsing vein?
Nay—but a draught from a healing spring,
Cooling the fever and soothing the sting,
Till the dimming eye and the drooping wing
Are lifted to light again.

A pitiless blackness of dreary sea
Hiding our good ship's grave?
Nay—but a beacon, flashing free
Over the track where the breakers be,
When winds are striving in frenzied glee,
To shroud the rocks in the wave.

A specter, ever with iron hand
Holding the spirit fast?
Nay—but a prophet, in silence grand,
Lifting the veil from a far-off land,
Where, in the scorching of desert sand,
Water shall gush at last.

The angel, who rolls from the closed door
The sealing stone aside;
The healer, for hearts that are rent and sore;
The light that flashes the black seas o'er;
The prophet that points to the other shore—
They are here to-night by my side.

And it matters little if New Year bells
 Sadly or gladly ring,
An undertone in their clamor tells
Of a soft south wind, that dies and swells
In fragrant arches of pine-wood dells,
 Where some day the birds will sing.

ALL THINGS NEW.

Old sorrows that sat at the heart's sealed gate,
Like sentinels grim and sad,
While out in the night-damp, weary and late,
The King, with a gift divinely great,
Waited to make me glad;

Old fears that hung like a changing cloud,
Over a sunless day,
Old burdens that kept the spirit bowed,
Old wrongs that rankled or clamored loud,—
They have passed like a dream away.

In the world without and the world within,
He maketh the old things new;
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
Have fled from the gate where The King came in,
From the chill night's damp and dew.

Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
On earth new blossoms spring,
The old life lost in the life divine,
"My will is Thine, Thy will be mine,"—
The song which the new hearts sing.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

Let the New Year bring what it will, O Friend,
Nothing have we to fear,
The past it was good;—let the good past lend
The future its glow and cheer.
Ay, good, though its darkling clouds dropped rain,
And its care seemed never to cease;
After the gloom there was light, and the pain
Was only the road to peace.

There is nothing to fear in the coming year,
Though the smile be faint on its face;
Better than hope is a faith that will grope
In the dark for the hidden grace;
Better than joy is the brave employ
Of the days in the Master's field;
But the harvest still is the work of His will—
To make it to thrive or yield.

'Tis not thine or mine, but the task divine
Of One who has waited long,
In sorrow and travail of soul, to see
His world redeemed from wrong.
And the truth is this, that the work is His,
And nothing have we to say,—
He carries the care for the whole long year;
We for each little day.

As hour by hour reveals His power,
Unfolds His wondrous will,
His cross we bear, His work we share,
Or wait, resigned and still.
Patient to suffer or brave to do,
What can we have to fear?
Old years they are His, and His the new—
He can make it a glad New Year.

IN HIS NAME.

To rally all grand forces, and to stand
Armored and dauntless in the widening breach,
Closing the ranks where braver souls went down—
This is the task. To lift the banner high
That waves God's legions on to victory,
O'er wrongs that trailed that banner in the dust;
To wage unceasing war upon the sins
That wreathe the nation's brow with scorn and
shame,

To halt not on the march, sheathe not the sword,
Nor rest the lance, nor lay the armor by
Till giant evils lie among our slain;
To keep the ear ajar for voice of God,
The eye alert for sign of messenger
From near or far that brings His high commands.
To keep the hand to toil, the feet to haste,
The voice to echo loyally His own.
The heart to throb swift answer to his will:
All this, and more. To lift the stricken up,
On grievous wounds to pour the oil and wine;
To heal where hurt is sorest, to bow down
And lift the fallen, and to lead the blind;
To answer every plaint of human pain,
And strengthen e'en the little ones of God.

Ah, glorious work! worthy the knightliest soul
That ever 'neath the banner of the Cross
Set steadfast face toward far Jerusalem,
Or died for right to guard an empty tomb.
Small need to quarrel o'er His sepulchre;
His grave is wheresoe'er His Christhood dies;
He lies enshrouded in the hearts of men.

To rise in strength and cast the evils out
That slay the Christ-life in the human soul—
This is the work. And the reward is this:
To see on human faces; stained and scarred,
The dawning light that says the Lord is risen;
That they have seen, like Mary, face to face,
The majesty of kingliness and power,
The tenderness of wondrous love and grace
By which all wrongs shall measure their brief hour,
And, one by one, before the matchless sight
Slink, Judas-like, each to its own dark place.

LEAD AS WE GO.

Hymn of The King's Daughters and Sons.

Lead now, as forth we go,
Master divine;
On paths of joy or woe
Let Thy face shine.
Where winds of trouble blow,
Where tides of sorrow flow,
Fearless our steps shall go,
Close after Thine.

Ours be the willing hand
Thy work to share;
Ours be the loving heart
Thy cross to bear;
True Daughters of The King,
New songs our lips shall sing,
Faint hearts and sorrowing,
These are our care.

Lowly our tasks, or grand,
Serve we the same;
Bring by Thine own right hand
Praise from our shame.
If but some soul in pain
Look up and smile again,
No deed can be in vain,
Wrought "In His Name."

Drawn by Thy Spirit now,
Ourselves we bring;
On prayer, and song and vow,
Our souls take wing.
Forth from this blessed place,
Lead us to show Thy grace;
Write on each lifted face
"Child of a King."

ON THE NILE.

Morning.

The sun has reached the zenith; all the hills
Clasp closer round their rocks the robes of sand.
The wind that played among the shifting folds
Brings breath of lotus-blossoms on its wings,
Slow stirs the long leaves of the waving palm,
And drops, so idly, on the river's breast
It scarcely makes a ripple on the wave.

The Arab lies asleep upon the sand,
Our boat lies still upon a waveless Nile,
The sun hangs still in seas of waveless air,
The sky bends still above a sleeping shore,
And all the world seems lost in midday dreams.

Evening.

How, in the silence strange and sweet
That falls on the Egyptian night,
The voices of the years repeat
Tales of this monarch river's might,
Whose great heart, throbbing at our feet,
Goes on with ceaseless swell and beat.

Goes on and on, while countless hearts
Of countless nations all are stilled;
While countless years, that bore their part
In ages that were glory-filled,
Grew and declined beneath its smile,
And sleep in dust along the Nile.

SUNSET ON THE NILE.

Far above us hangs a sky of turquoise,
Deepening as the sun, slow moving downward,
Empties chalices of wondrous color—
Golden streams of light and waves of purple,
And a blood-red tide of deepest crimson—
'Cross the pallor of the low horizon.

Wondrous river of the land Egyptian—
Crimson to the heart, to-night, with shadow
Of the blood-red clouds that shine above thee—
Tell me in your low, mysterious murmur,
As your waves roll past my dahabeah,
Tell me of the mighty and forgotten
Who have peopled once your shores Elysian,
Who, beneath the shadows of your palm trees,
Lived a life that left no trace in story
Save the record of some broken column,
Save the echoes of some ruined temple.

Tell me! But I vainly ask or listen,
Though the unanswering sky smiles on above me;
Though the Nile's great heart beats on beside me,
Still it bears beyond my reach its secrets.

All the red horizon pales to darkness,
While the silent hills grow dark in shadow,
And the winds, on mounts of desolation,
Moan like voices from the buried prisons.
Closer falls the sand above their grave-doors,
Whispers still the breeze among the palm trees,
While the turbaned son of the wild desert
Kneels upon the sand that robes the mountain,
Laying bare his tired soul to Allah.

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